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A decorative border on a textured brown background. It features dark green/black stylized leaves and vines forming a frame. Four large red roses are positioned at the corners of the frame. The title is centered within the frame.

# CYR'S ADVANCED FIRST READER

A decorative scrollwork element at the bottom of the cover, featuring stylized acanthus leaves and scrolls that frame the publisher's name.

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COMPANY



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ADVANCED  
FIRST READER

BY  
ELLEN M. CYR

**Art Series**

BOSTON, U.S.A., AND LONDON  
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS  
*The Athenæum Press*  
1904

**C**

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

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TO  
HARRIET E. PAGE  
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY  
DEDICATED

79379





## PREFACE

WHATEVER is beautiful and true, and within the grasp of his own comprehension, instinctively appeals to the little child.

His eyes are daily opening upon a world of law and symmetry, and he is a part of it and responds to its unity, even before he is able to formulate the impressions wrought upon his plastic mind.

If he misses the best that the world offers during his fairest years, he loses much which should influence his later life.

With this in mind we have here presented copies of many famous paintings. The world has looked upon them and pronounced them worthy of praise, and now we bring them before the little child. In selecting these pictures, such have been chosen as are allied to child life and to nature. The child sees himself or his surroundings in the picture, so that it becomes filled with life and love ; and his own powers are quickened and expanded.

The artist tells a different story to each one who looks upon his painting. Therefore I have ventured to suggest, in connection with these pictures, children's stories that have been written to draw attention to the

details of the pictures and the thought of the artist. As this is but the beginning of our art study, many pictures from the world's greatest artists have been reserved for later consideration. Moreover, since too much even of the best may become monotonous, stories are introduced which do not take the child outside his everyday experience.

If all that is best in literature is finding its way to the schoolroom, all that is best in art will surely have a place there.

We are so made that we love  
First, when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;  
So they are better painted — better to us,  
Which is the same thing. Art was given  
for that. — BROWNING.

ELLEN M. CYR.





Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

## TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES

After the painting by Elizabeth Gardner

## ADVANCED FIRST READER

### TWO MOTHERS

down'ỹ    lāid    kēep    crā'dle  
It'a lỹ    shoēs    tāk'ing

What are you doing, mother hen?

I am caring for my little ones.

See my soft downy chickens.

They are only three days old.

I laid some pretty white eggs in  
the hay.

I kept them warm for three weeks.

I did not know why I was sitting  
there so long.

One day something said: "Peep, peep!"

A little chicken had come from one of my eggs.

I soon had ten baby chickens.

They ran about and said: "Peep, peep! give us something to eat."

I found some food for them.

A big dog came after them. I flew at him and drove him away.

When it is night, I cover the chickens with my wings.

I keep them safe and warm.

Do you see this little girl?

I am her hen. She gives me crumbs for my chickens.

She has a dear mamma.

Her mamma has two babies.

There is a little one in the cradle.

See how the mother has fastened  
it in.

She wishes to keep it safe and  
warm.

She is a loving mamma. She cares  
for her little ones.

She gives them food. She makes  
clothes for them.

It makes her glad to see them  
happy.

The little girl is talking to her  
mamma about the hen and chickens.

The little girl and her mamma  
have no shoes on their feet.

I think they live in sunny Italy.



## NURSERY SONG

wōol      shēep      mōon      dē light'      nīm'ble  
 nēs'tle      while      spěd      būst'led      cō'zīlŷ  
             dār'līng      clūck'īng      līs'tened

As I walked over the hill one day,  
 I listened and heard a mother sheep say :  
 "In all the green world there is nothing so  
             sweet

As my little lammie with his nimble feet,  
             With his eyes so bright,  
             And his wool so white —  
 Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight ! "

And the mother sheep and the little one,  
 Side by side, lay down in the sun,  
 And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,  
 While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and saw the old hen  
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.  
She clucked and she scratched, and she bustled  
away,

And what do you think I heard the hen say?

I heard her say: "The sun never did shine  
On anything like to these chickens of mine!  
You may hunt the full moon and the stars if  
you please,

But you never will find ten such chickens as these.  
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,  
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped,

As fast as they could to their nice feather  
bed;

And there let them sleep in their feathers so  
warm,

While my little chick lies here on my arm.

MRS. CARTER.



Engraved on wood by H. W. Peckwell

### CAN'T YOU TALK ?

After the painting by Holmea

## THE BABY AND THE DOG

dōor      crĕpt      spēak      wăg  
 shĕp'hĕrd      bärk      growl

Look at this kind dog.

I think he is a shepherd dog.

See him look at the baby.

The baby lives in an old house.

His father and mother are poor.

I think his mother has gone out.

She left the dog to take care of  
 the baby.

Baby was playing on the floor  
 with the kitten.

He saw the open door.

He crept out as fast as he could.



Engraved on wood by H. W. Peckwell

# CAN'T YOU TALK ?

After the painting by Holmes

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 the baby.

Baby was playing on the floor  
 with the kitten.

He saw the open door.

He crept out as fast as he could.

I think he was looking for his mother.

The big dog saw the baby creep out of the door.

He sat down beside him.

“I want my mamma,” said the baby.

The dog looked at him but could not speak.

“Can’t you talk?” asked the baby.

He could bark and take care of the baby.

He could growl if any one came near.

He could look at the baby with his kind eyes and wag his tail.

But he could not say one word.

A shepherd dog is very useful.

He can help take care of the sheep.

He can go after the cows at night.

This one can watch over the baby.

Our baby met a fine large dog,

One morning in the park.

He wagged his tail and tried to say,

“Poor baby! can’t you bark?”



## THE NAUGHTY KITTENS

yärn	spoil	naugh'tỹ	sĩlk'ỹ
criēd	fâr	climb'ĩng	pûrred

Oh, you naughty little kittens!

What are you doing?

That is a workbox. It is not for  
you.

You will spoil that ball of yarn.

What do you see, little kitty?

Do you think there is another  
kitty in the box?

You are looking at your own face  
in the glass.

Your mamma is looking at the  
birds.



Engraved on wood by Robert Varley

### STUDY OF CATS

After the painting by Lambert

I hope she will not catch them.

I fear she is not a good cat.

She should tell you to jump down.

One kitten is climbing upon the table.

The kittens have not been here long.

I hope some one will come soon.

I think the kittens will roll the ball off the table.

The work will fall to the floor.

These are very pretty kittens.

Their fur looks very soft and silky.

Their faces are bright and pretty.

I should like one of them for a pet.

I once had a little white kitten.

I played with it every day.

I gave it rides in my doll carriage.

One day it ran up into a tree.

I called: "Kitty, kitty, come, kitty!"

It cried, but did not know how to come down from the tree.

It was afraid it might fall.

My big brother came out of the house.

He climbed up the tree and got my kitty.

The kitty was so glad to be down again.

She ran to me and purred, and purred, and purred.



Engraved on wood by H. W. Peckwell

## THE HELPING HAND

After the painting by Renouf

## HELPING FATHER

nět hěav'ỹ nēat mǎst hōök  
 māid bē cause' fīsh'ēr man  
 daugh'tēr

This is the picture of an old  
 fisherman.

He lives in a little house beside the sea.

He goes out in his boat to catch fish.

He sells some of his fish in the town.

He takes some of them to his home.

Look at his boat. It is old.

Do you see the mast?

Sometimes the fisherman puts it up and sails away.

I can see the sail. I can see a boat hook and some nets.

The fisherman has a little daughter.

He has taken her out with him to-day.

She was glad to go out with her father.

Her mother has made her look very neat. Look at her cap.

See her shoes. They are made of wood.

See her apron with the two pockets.

The fisherman loves his little daughter.

He tells her of the fishes and the deep sea.

He has been far away on a big ship.

“Are you tired, dear father?” asks the little maid.

“You have been at work all day.

“May I help you row the big, heavy boat?”

“Yes, indeed,” says the kind father.

She sits beside him and puts her little hands on the big oar.

Do you think she can help him row?

See her father smile at her.

He can row better because she is at his side.

I think she does help, after all.





Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

### A FARMYARD IN NORMANDY

After the painting by Roll

### A FARMYARD

Nôr'man dÿ      sāfe      stĕps      lōw  
                  shăd'ōw      e'ven ĭng      sŭp'pĕr

This is a farmyard in Normandy.

Normandy is a country far across  
the water.

Look at this pretty cow.

I think she has just been milked.

Perhaps she is walking to the  
barn.

The black hen is flying out of  
her way.

See the little baby sitting in the  
doorway.

The baby is looking at the cow.

Can you walk, little baby?

Your mother is sitting near you.

She has a bowl of fresh milk.

A dear little girl is going to  
drink it.

I see a boy under the tree.

Are you driving the cow into the  
barn, little boy?

See the sunlight across the yard.

The sun must be low in the sky.

I think it is near evening.

The little girl is having her supper.

The cow has come home from  
the pasture.

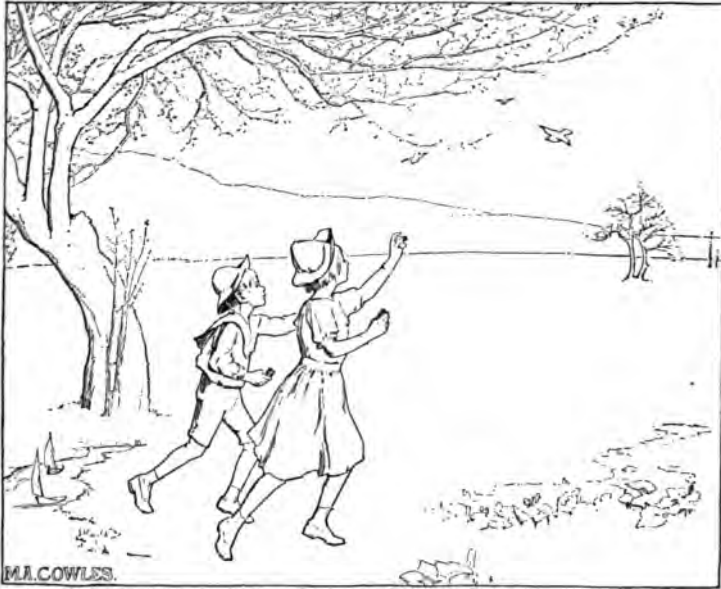
The hens will soon fly to some  
tree.

They will put their heads under  
their wings and go to sleep.

## ONE MOTHER

hŭn'drĕdŝ	lawn	sŭn'nŷ
grĕet	crĭm'son	wĕath'ēr

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,  
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
 Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
 Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather,  
 Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the morn,  
 Hundreds of lambs in crimson clover,  
 Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn, —  
 But only one mother the wide world over.



## STORIES OF THE SEASONS

### APRIL

Ā'prīl	lī'lac	Mär'jō rĕ
Ēd'gār	pōnd	flȳ'ing

Spring has come! April is here!  
 The little brooks are filled with  
 water.

A few violets are peeping out to  
welcome the spring.

There are leaves upon the lilac  
bushes.

Marjorie and Edgar have been out  
to sail their boats.

There is a little pond in the  
meadow, made by the melted snow.

What is the apple tree doing?

Its leaf buds are beginning to open.

The children have found some  
little flower buds.

The sunshine and rain will make  
them grow.

They will soon be in blossom.

Two robins are flying about.

They do not seem to be afraid.

I think they have been here before.

Marjorie throws them some crumbs.

“How are you, Mr. Robin?” says Edgar.

“You may make your nest in our apple tree.

“We like birds and will be kind to you.”

“Please come,” says Marjorie.

“We will help care for your little ones.”

The robins sang in the apple tree.

I think they will make their nest there.

## THE ROBIN

rōl'lick ing	cōax'ēs	Ēas'tēr	hālf
jūice	chēr'rŷ	hūn'grŷ	laugh (l&f)

Rollicking Robin is here again.

What does he care for the April rain?

Care for it? Glad of it. Does n't he know  
That the April rain carries off the snow,

And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,  
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,

And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,  
For his hungry little robins to eat?

“Ha! ha! ha!” hear the jolly bird laugh.

“That isn't the best of the story, by half!”

LUCY LARCOM.





Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

## SCHOOL IN BRITTANY

*After the painting by G. B. de la Tour*

## A SCHOOL IN BRITTANY

Brī'tan ŷ smōoth tēach'ēr shŷ  
fōld cōl'lar ī'dle lēarn pēas'ant

This is a school in Brittany.

Look at these peasant children.

Their shoes are made of wood.

They wear white caps and collars.

“Why do you wear caps in school,  
little children?”

“We wear them to keep our hair  
smooth and neat.”

How clean these children are!

What are they doing?

Five of them are standing by  
their teacher.

## LEARNING THE LESSON

Frěnch      Jēanne      pārk      lŭnch  
               ō vēr hěad'      shāre      nōon

I see the picture of a little  
 French girl.

Are you looking at me, little girl?

No; you are learning your lesson.

Your dress is odd. Your pretty  
 feet are bare.

I think you are a peasant.

I wonder what your name is. I  
 will call you Jeanne.

Have you been to school, Jeanne?

I think you have just come from  
 school.



Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

### THE LESSON

*After the painting by Bouguereau*

I see by the shadows that the sun  
is overhead. It is the noon hour.

Is your home far away? Do you  
bring a lunch to eat at noon?

Jeanne sits upon a stone step.

I think she is in a park.

See the tall trees.

Do you eat your lunch beneath  
the tall trees, Jeanne?

Do you share it with the birds  
and squirrels?

They will soon learn to love you  
if you do.

I should like to study in the  
park.

The tall trees would wave their  
branches above my head.

I could hear the birds calling to each other from the tree tops.

Jeanne has brought her book with her to-day. She is learning her lesson.

She looks like a good child. See the sunbeams shining upon her soft curls.

I think Jeanne is like a sunbeam in her home.

She can make her father and mother happy.

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is overhead. It is the noon hour.

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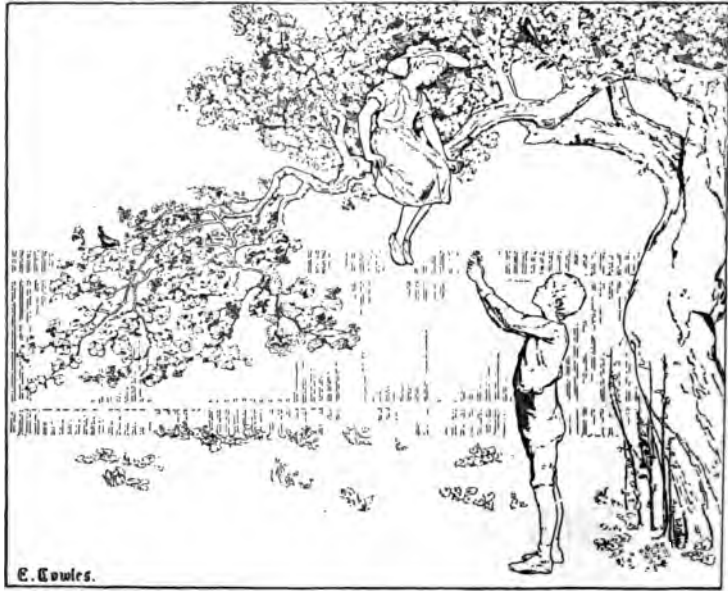
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## STORIES OF THE SEASONS

### MAY

branch	pět'alş	flōat'ing
hīt	tōs'sēs	blōs'sōmş

Marjorie is playing that it is snowing.

She is sitting on a branch of the  
old apple tree.

She sings as she swings and the  
birds sing, too.

The petals of the white apple  
blossoms come floating down.

The ground is white with them.

Edgar is throwing them at Mar-  
jorie.

“Ho! ho!” says Marjorie; “you  
cannot hit me.”

The wind takes the petals and  
tosses them about.

I see two robins in the tree.

They are making a nest on one  
of the high branches.

They know it will be safe there.

Marjorie and Edgar are glad to see them.

The robins have made their nest in this tree for three years.

The children like to see the robins make their nest.

“Fly over to the barn, robin dear,” they say.

“You will find something there for your nest.

“There are some soft feathers and bits of wool.”



Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

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## AT THE NURSERY

After the painting by Waterlow

## FEEDING THE LAMBS

ēa'gēr    El'ēa nōre    nēar'ēst    bōt'tle  
           sūn'bōn nēt        nēxt        wāit

Oh, what dear little lambs! I  
 wish I might play with them.

Look at their pretty soft wool.

Eleanore has come out to see Kate feed the baby lambs.

They take their milk from a bottle.

The lambs like the sweet milk. They run to Kate.

See how eager they are. They lift their heads for the bottle.

They turn their ears back. The lamb nearest Eleanore is having his breakfast. The little one next him can hardly wait for his turn.

One little lamb stands by himself. I think he has had his breakfast.

Eleanore loves the little lambs. See her smile at them.

It is the month of May. The apple tree is in blossom.

The daisies are growing in the meadow. Eleanore has some in her hand.

I see a pretty path through the meadow. It leads to Eleanore's home.

The picture is full of sunlight.

It shines upon Eleanore's sun-bonnet. It shines upon Kate's hair.

It shines upon the four little white lambs and the daisies.

The sunlight helps everything to grow.

When the little lambs have had their breakfast, Kate and Eleanore will go back to the house.

The little lambs will follow them  
to the gate. Eleanore will say:  
“Good-bye, dear little lambs; we  
will come again to you.”

The lambs will look through the  
fence and then run and play in the  
soft meadow grass.

---

“Little lambs so white and fair  
Are the shepherd's constant care;  
Now he leads their tender feet  
Into pastures green and sweet.”

## THE POET

(EXTRACT)

mū'sic    bôrn    glōwſ    wòm'an    mēan'ěst

Let me go where'er I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still:

It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,

Not only where the rainbow glows,  
Nor in the song of woman heard;

But in the darkest, meanest things  
There alway, alway something sings.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.





Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

### THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

## THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

Eng'lish            mǎid'en            ōdd  
       · (mg)            straw'bĕr rĭes    əl'sō

Look at this dear little girl.

She is a little English maiden.

What an odd basket she has on  
 her arm!

What have you in your basket,  
 little maiden?

There are strawberries in her  
 basket.

I wonder what is in her apron.

She may have strawberries in  
 that also.

I wonder if her father has a farm.

I think he has. I think the little girl went to the strawberry bed.

How pretty it was!

There were cool green leaves covered with dew.

There were some white blossoms and many berries.

Some of the strawberries were ripe and red.

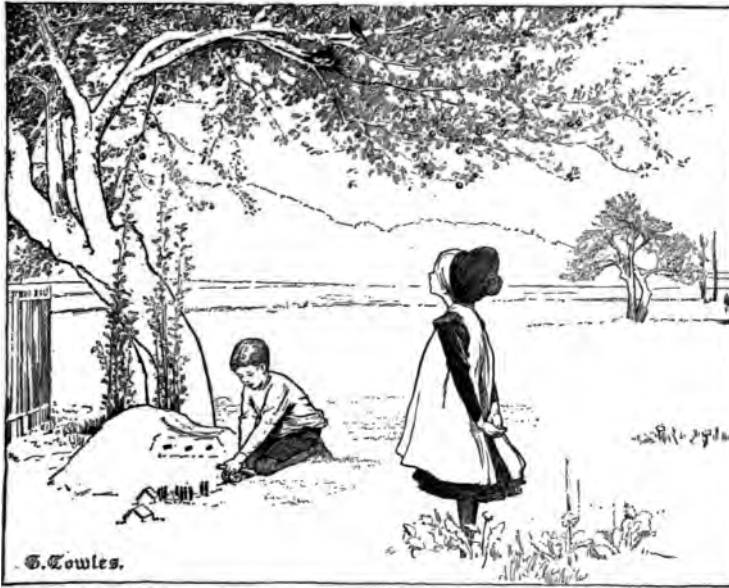
Others were still green and hard.

The little maiden picked the ripe berries.

She put them into her odd basket.

She laid some cool green leaves over them.

Now she is going to sell her berries.



## STORIES OF THE SEASONS

### JUNE

mōnth Jūne pīle fōrt sōl'dier  
tīn tēnts cān'nōn māte <sup>(jēr)</sup>

What do we see in this picture?  
Edgar and Marjorie are playing  
under the old apple tree.

It is the month of June.

The children have a pile of sand to play with.

Edgar is making a fort. He has some tin soldiers, little tents, and some cannon.

Marjorie is looking up into the tree.

“Look, Edgar,” she says; “see the tiny green apples.”

Robin is singing as loud as he can.

“Why do you sing so loud, robin?”

“I am singing to my mate. We have four baby robins in our nest.

“Mamma robin is keeping them warm.

“I must fly about for food when I have sung my song.”

Edgar throws some crumbs to the robins.

Papa robin hops down and picks up the crumbs.

He flies to the nest and feeds his little ones.

They open their big mouths and cry for more.

Mamma robin will soon help him find food for them.

The robins are glad to work for their little ones.



Engraved on wood by Robert Varley

### SAVED

After the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer

### SAVED

brāve sāved līfe dāshed pawz  
lāpped tōngue nō'ble fēllōw

See this brave old dog!

He has just saved the life of this  
little girl.

The girl fell into the water.

She called for help. The great waves went over her.

The big dog heard her cry.. He jumped into the water.

He caught the girl's dress in his strong teeth.

He swam to shore with her.

The waves dashed over them, but the dog would not let go.

At last he reached the shore.

He laid the girl gently across his great paws.

He lapped her face with his warm tongue.

Now he is calling for help.

What a good dog he is!



The sea birds hear him and fly  
above his head.

They would help him if they  
could.

Perhaps the girl's father will see  
them and so find his child.

I hope he will come soon.

Dear old dog! You are noble and  
brave.

This little girl will always love  
you. I wonder if you are her dog.

Keep on calling, old fellow; help  
will soon be here.

## THE WIND

toss      kites      skirts      different      push

I saw you toss the kites on high,  
 And blow the birds about the sky,  
 And all around I heard you pass  
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass.  
 O wind, a-blowing all day long!  
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
 But always you yourself you hid.  
 I felt you push, I heard you call,  
 I could not see yourself at all.  
 O wind, a-blowing all day long!  
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT L. STEVENSON.

## THE RABBIT SELLER

Ĝēr'man	sŭn'bēam	ē nough'
ōld'ēr	cŭrl'ŷ	ēars <sup>(nŭf)</sup>

What have you in your basket,  
little girl?

Oh, I see! Some white rabbits.

Why do you carry them in a  
basket?

Do you wish to sell them?

How pretty your rabbits are!

Their long ears are so soft and  
white!

I wish you would bring them to  
my home.

I should like a rabbit for a pet.



Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

### THE LITTLE RABBIT SELLER

After the painting by Meyer von Bremen

You look like a kind little girl.

Do you love your rabbits?

Have you more rabbits at home?

I should like to see them.

How many rabbits are in the  
basket?

I think I see a mother and three  
little ones.

See if you can find them.

These are German children.

They are little peasants.

Two of the children are feeding  
the rabbits.

What are the three older children  
doing?

What do you think the girl is  
saying?

The boy is on his way to school.  
What time of day do you think  
it is?

What has the boy in his hand?  
Well, baby, what are you doing?  
I see a sunbeam playing in your  
curly hair.

You are big enough to walk.  
Are you playing that your sister  
is a horse?

What a gentle, sweet face she has!  
I think she lives in that house.  
There are flowers in the garden.  
The sun shines upon the flowers  
and the children.



Engraved on wood by Carl Schwartzburger

### THE SHEPHERDESS

After the painting by Lerolle

## THE SHEPHERDESS

shĕp'hĕrd ĕss    fŏl'lŏw    voĭce    lŏst  
     lēads    bēech    pŏol    clŏak  
     watch'ĕs    clouds

Do you know what this girl is  
 doing?

She is a shepherdess.

A shepherdess is a girl who takes  
 care of sheep.

She leads them out in the  
 morning.

They know her voice and follow  
 her.

She leads them into green pas-  
 tures.



They stay there all day and feed  
on the grass.

They drink from the brooks or the  
springs.

The shepherdess watches over her  
sheep.

She will not let them wander  
away.

They might be lost in the woods.

The shepherdess sits under the  
trees in the pasture.

She often knits or sews.

She watches the clouds and the  
sky.

If she sees a storm coming, she  
leads her sheep home.

She gathers the field flowers.

Sometimes she sings a sweet song.  
What is this shepherdess doing?  
She is leading her sheep to the  
pasture.

I think the sheep love their  
shepherdess.

Can you tell why I think so?

The sheep stop and eat some of  
the grass.

What do you see beyond the  
beech trees?

What is the man doing?

I think it must be the spring of  
the year.

See the little pool of water.

The leaves on the beeches are  
small.

There is no tall grass.

This is a warm day.

The shepherdess has taken off her  
cloak.

See where she is carrying it.

The sun is shining through the  
clouds.

It shines upon the beautiful shepherdess and her sheep.

She leads them gently along.

They follow her gladly.



Engraved on wood by Peter Aitken

### THE SHEEPFOLD

After a painting by Jacque

### THE SHEEPFOLD

hāy'ričk	səlt	spŭn
friënds	fōld	thĭck

This is a picture of a sheepfold.  
 The sheep sleep here at night.  
 They live here when it is cold.  
 What are these sheep doing?

Some of them are eating hay.

Look at the hayrick.

One sheep is taking a drink of water.

The sunlight shines in from a door or window.

Three of the sheep hear a noise.

They are looking toward the door.

Perhaps the shepherd is coming in.

He may have some salt for the sheep.

Sheep like to eat salt.

Look at the sheep's wool.

It is thick and warm.

When summer comes the sheep will not need so much wool.



## STORIES OF THE SEASONS

### JULY

Jū lŷ' crēam bŏn'bŏn crăck'ērş ěnds  
     bēat mărch drŭm slīçe

Here is the apple tree again.

It is July now and the little  
 apples are growing fast.

See the tea table under the tree  
The children are having a party  
Edgar is seven years old to-day  
See the cake with the seven  
candles.

Edgar will blow them out.

There are seven children at the  
party.

Edgar will give each of them  
a candle.

Edgar's mamma put a little ribbon  
in the cake.

Some child will find it in his slice

There is some pink ice cream on  
the table.

Edgar had a box of bonbon  
crackers.

Each child was given one.

The children pulled the ends of  
their crackers.

They made a loud noise.

In each cracker was a funny cap.

The children have put on their  
caps.

Edgar will beat his drum, and  
they will march around the table.

There are six robins watching the  
children.

They are mamma and papa robin,  
and their four little robins.

The little robins have learned  
to fly.

When the children are gone they  
will fly down and eat the crumbs.





Engraved on wood by Peter Aitken

### FEEDING THE HENS

After an etching by J. F. Millet

## FEEDING THE HENS

wood'en                      shoes                      gold'en  
                                  vine                      gën'tle

It is a bright sunny day.

The hens are having their breakfast.

Some hens are running from the garden.

They see the peasant woman with her apron full of corn.

The woman stands on the old stone steps.

She has wooden shoes on her feet.

What has she on her head?

I see some one watching the hens.



Engraved on wood by Peter Aitken

### FEEDING THE HENS

After an etching by J. F. Millet

See, the vine grows on the house  
do.

The picture is full of sunlight.

It shines on the little boy's curls.

This is a kind woman. Look at  
her gentle face.

She drops the corn for the hens.

What can the hens do for her?

They will lay some eggs.

She can carry the eggs in her  
pron.

She may eat some for her break-  
fast.

Baby may have one too.

It is a baby with golden curls.

The baby cannot walk yet. He  
creeps along the floor.

Baby likes the pretty hens.

He likes to hear them say "Cluck!  
cluck! cluck!"

When he is older he will feed them.

His mamma will put some corn in  
his dress.

I see only one window in the stone  
house.

I think there are others which  
look out on the garden.

I should like to walk into that  
garden.

Look at the pretty gate. It is  
covered with a vine.

See, the vine grows on the house  
too.

The picture is full of sunlight.

It shines on the little boy's curls.

This is a kind woman. Look at  
her gentle face.

She drops the corn for the hens.

What can the hens do for her?

They will lay some eggs.

She can carry the eggs in her  
apron.

She may eat some for her break-  
fast.

Baby may have one too.



## STORIES OF THE SEASONS

### SEPTEMBER

Sěp tēm'bēr pŭlp cōre ĩn sīde' stēm  
shārp sōuth'ērn frōst'ŷ

Oh, look at the apple tree!  
It is covered with large apples.

They are ripe and good to eat.

Edgar is up in the tree.

He is picking apples.

Marjorie stands under the tree.

She is holding her dress to catch  
an apple.

Edgar has found a large apple.

“Hold your dress, Marjorie,” he  
cries.

“Here is a big red apple for  
you.”

Marjorie will catch the apple in  
her dress.

See the apples under the tree.

Marjorie will eat the big apple.

Her teeth will bite through the  
red skin into the white pulp.



“Shall you eat the whole apple, Marjorie?”

“Oh no, I shall not eat the core.”

“What is the core, Marjorie?”

“It is the place where the seeds are.

“See, there are five pockets.

“Inside the pockets are the brown seeds.”

Edgar holds this apple by the stem.

The tree has done its work for this summer.

It will soon have a long rest.

Edgar has climbed so high that he can look into the robin's nest.

There are no little robins in it now.

I see some robins on the fence.

It is September, and they are singing their good-bye song.

“We are going south, south, south,” they sing.

“Sharp frosty breezes are telling us to go.

“The warm lights in the southern sky are calling us away.

“When it is spring we shall come flying back.”

## ROBIN REDBREAST

fäint'ly swallōwŝ scär'lēt brēast'-knōt hōsts  
 prīnc'eŝ ghōsts peârŝ rūs'sēt  
 bough chēer au'tūmn

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer!

For Summer's nearly done;  
 The garden smiling faintly,  
 Cool breezes in the sun.

Our thrushes now are silent,  
 Our swallows flown away,—  
 But Robin's here in coat of brown,  
 And scarlet breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear!  
 Robin sings so sweetly  
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
The trees are Indian princes,  
But soon they 'll turn to ghosts.

The scanty pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough;  
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,  
'T will soon be Winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



# 'SUNRISE IN CHINA

drēam	Chī'na	Äh Foy	sīght
bōwl	chöp	tēa	bīnd

Every night when I am in bed  
 I think of my little dream friend.  
 Shall I tell you about her?  
 She lives in China.

She is awake while I am asleep.

I say good night to my papa and  
mamma.

I lie down in my bed. I shut  
my eyes and think of little Ah Foy.

I say: "Good morning, little Ah  
Foy.

"Open your sleepy eyes.

"The sun is peeping in at your  
window.

"It shines no more on me.

"I saw it sink out of sight.

"I said: 'Good night, dear Sun.'

"Its last rays shone upon some  
soft clouds and made them pink.

"What will you have for break-  
fast, little Ah Foy?

“A bowl of rice? Can you eat it with chop sticks?”

“Have you a little tea set?”

“Do you pick tea from your father’s fields?”

“I hope your mamma does not bind your feet.

“You cannot run if your feet are too small.

“I like to run and play.

“You play all day. Then the golden sun drops out of sight.

“You watch the color fade out of the clouds.

“You lie down on your bed.

“As you close your eyes, I open mine.”

## THE SUN'S TRAVELS

tráv'ěls	přil'łow	ěarth	ēve
bě yōnd'	Āt lān'tic		

The sun is not a-bed, when I  
 At night upon my pillow lie;  
 Still round the earth his way he takes,  
 And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,  
 We round the sunny garden play,  
 Each little Indian sleepy-head  
 Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,  
 Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea,  
 And all the children in the West  
 Are getting up and being dressed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





## STORIES OF THE SEASONS

### NOVEMBER

ôrch'ard<sub>(êrd)</sub> chěst'nŭt scāleŝ stĭck'ŷ  
tŭcked<sub>(tŭkt)</sub> crăck'ĭng ĕmp'tŷ

The apple tree is resting now.  
It has done its work for the year.

All its apples have been picked.

Its leaves have turned yellow  
and red, and have flown away.

They lie in little piles in the  
orchard.

The wind sent them flying about.

They will rest now and keep  
some little roots warm.

Marjorie has broken a branch off  
the apple tree.

She is looking at the branch.

She can see where each little  
stem held on.

There are tiny leaf buds on the  
branch.

Look at a horse-chestnut tree.

Its leaf buds are very large.



Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

# SONG OF THE LARK

After the painting by Breton

## THE SONG OF THE LARK

Mär'gōt sīc'kle bâre lărk buīlds  
 būrsts drowned sīght'lěss nā'tūre

Here is another peasant girl.

Let us call this girl Margot.

Margot lives in France.

Does she go to school?

I think not. Her father and  
 mother are very poor.

They live on a little farm.

Margot must stay at home and  
 help them.

See the sun just peeping above  
 the trees.

Margot is up very early.

She has a sickle in her hand.  
She is going to cut some grain.  
Look at her strong hands.  
See her bare feet as she stands  
in the path.

What do you think she is doing?  
She is singing a morning song.  
There is a little bird called the  
lark.

It builds its nest on the ground  
in the fields.

The lark sees the first rays of the  
morning sun.

It spreads its wings and flies up,  
up.

It sings a beautiful song as it  
flies.

The rosy light, the soft air, and the gentle breeze fill it with gladness.

The gladness bursts out in a morning song.

Margot sees the beautiful sunrise.

Its beauty fills her with gladness.

She hears the lark sing as he flies higher and higher.

The lark flies almost out of sight.

Still the sweet song floats down to Margot's ear.

It is like fairy music.

Margot now sings her morning song.

She does not think of her poor home.

She does not think of her hard  
work.

She is glad because of the beauty  
of the sky and the song of the bird.

She is glad to be strong and free.

She loves her father and mother  
and is happy.

And drowned in nature's living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



## ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

spär'rōw      līn'nēt      sī'lent      brīm'fūl  
                  fôr ěv'ēr                   thrŭsh

Do you ask what the birds say? The spar-  
     row, the dove,  
 The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I  
     love!"

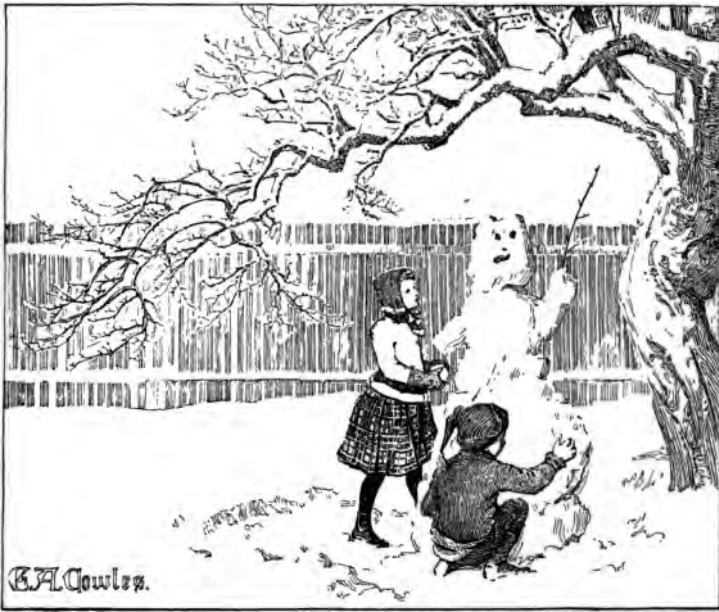


In the winter they're silent, the wind is so  
strong;  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a  
loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny  
warm weather,  
And singing and loving—all come back  
together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and  
love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky  
above,  
That he sings and he sings, and forever  
sings he,  
“I love my love; and my love loves me.”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



## STORIES OF THE SEASONS

### JANUARY

clēar Jǎn'ũ ār ỹ ěmp'tỹ bẽ nēath'

The apple tree is very white.

Have the apple blossoms come  
again?

Oh no; this is the snow.

It was falling while Marjorie and Edgar were sleeping.

Softly the snowflakes came floating down.

They covered the bare branches of the dear old apple tree.

They filled the robin's empty nest.

Marjorie and Edgar awoke in the morning.

They looked out of the window.

"Oh! oh! see the snow!" they cried.

"Let us go out and play in it."

After breakfast they ran out into the yard.



Engraved on wood by Walter Aikman

By permission of  
Berlin Photographic Company, N.Y.

**"OVER SNOWFIELDS, WASTE AND PATHLESS"**

After the painting by J. Farquharson

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# “OVER SNOWFIELDS, WASTE AND PATHLESS”

After the painting by J. Farquharson

The shepherd drove his sheep to a fold. He then sat down to rest.

One of the sheep began to call. It was a mother sheep. She could not find her little lamb.

The shepherd looked for the lamb.

It was not in the fold.

The poor little lamb was out in the storm.

“Do not cry, mother sheep,” said the good shepherd. “I will go out and find your baby lamb.”

Then the shepherd put on his cloak.

He went out into the storm.

The cold wind blew. The snowflakes filled the air.

The shepherd went into the forest and called to the little lamb.

It was soon dark. The shepherd was cold and hungry.

He thought of his warm fire and supper at home, but he went on.

At last he found the little lamb.

It was lying on the wet ground in the forest.

The shepherd took it in his arms.

He put his warm cloak about it.

He took it to his warm fire. He gave it milk to drink.

It loved the shepherd and never again wandered away.



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## THE SHEPHERD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall  
not want.

He maketh me to lie down in  
green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still  
waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of  
righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the  
valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil; for thou art  
with me:

Thy rod and thy staff, they com-  
fort me.

# WORD LIST

## GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

### I. VOWELS

ā as in fāte	â as in câre	î as in îdea	ōō as in fōōd
ă " senâte	ē " mête	ī " It	ōō " fōōt
ǣ " făt	ê " êvent	î " sîr	û " ûse
ä " ärm	ë " mêt	ô " ôld	û " ûnite
ǣ " ǣll	ē " hêr	ô " ôbey	û " ûp
â " âsk	ī " Ice	ô " nôt	û " fûr

### II. EQUIVALENTS

ǣ = ô as in whăt	ô = ôō as in wôlf	û = ôō as in pull
ê = â " thêre	ô = û " sôn	ȳ = î " flȳ
î = ē " gîrl	ô = ǣ " hôrse	ȳ = î " babȳ
ô = ôō " moye	û = ôō " rûle	

### III. CONSONANTS

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = s as in miçe	th (unmarked)	as in thin
e or c (unmarked) = k as in eǣll	ph = f	" phantom
eh = k as in sehōōl	ſ = z	" lſ
ch (unmarked) " child	z (like s sonant)	" zone
ġ like j " cāġe	qu (unmarked)	" quite
ġ (hard) " ġēt	ȳ = gȳ	" exȳct
ŋ = ng " ĭnk	x (unmarked) = ks	" vex
th " thēm		

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound, are marked thus, *ǣ*, *ē*. Silent letters are italicized.

## WORD LIST

al' sô	cōax' ēs	ē nough' (nuf)	hōok
bâre	cōl' lar	ē' ven ing	hūn' drēds
bärk	cō' zī lý	fēl' lōw	hūn' grý
bät' tle	cräck' ērş	fīsh' ēr man	hûrt
bēat	crā' dle	flōat' ing	ī' dle
bē cause'	crēam	flý' ing	jūiçe
bēech	crēpt	fōld	kēep
bē nēath'	crīm' şon	fōl' lōw	kītes
blew (u)	cûrl' ý	fōr ev' ēr	lăpped
bōn' bōn	där' līng	fōrt	lărd
bōrn	dăshed	frīends	lărk
branch	daugh' tēr	fûr	laugh (lāf)
brāve	dē light'	gēn' tle	lawn
brīm' ful	dīf' fēr ent	glōws	lēads
bûrst	dōor	göld' en	life
büst' led	down' ý	grēet	lī' lac
căn' nōn	drūm	growl	līn' nēt
clēar	ēa gēr	hălf	līs' tened
clīmb' ing	ēars	hāy' rick	lōst
clōak	ēmp' tý	hēav' ý	lōw
clück' ing	ēnds	hīt	lūnch

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ǻ " ǻsk	ī " ice	ô " nôit	û " fûr

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î = ê " gîrl	ô = ǣ " hôrse	ÿ = î " baby
ô = ôō " mōve	û = ôō " rûle	

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bărk	cō' zĩ lỹ	fěl' lōw	hũn' grỹ
băt' tle	crăck' ęs	fĩsh' ęr man	hũrt
bēat	cră' dle	flōat' ĩng	ĩ' dle
bē cause'	crēam	flỹ' ĩng	jũiçe
bēech	crępt	fōld	kēep
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bũrst	dōor	gōld' en	lĩfe
bũst' led	down' ỹ	grēet	lĩ' lac
căn' nōn	drũm	growl	lĩn' nět
clēar	ēa gēr	hălf	lĩs' tened
clĩmb' ĩng	ēars	hăy' rick	lōst
clōak	ęmp' tỹ	hęav' ỹ	lōw
clũck' ĩng	ęnds	hĩt	lũch



lỹ' ینگ	odd	shoesh	talk' ینگ
māid	old' ər	shy	tēach' ər
māid' en	pärk	sick' le	těnts
märch	pawş	sight' lěss	thick
māst	pěaş' ant	sī' lent	thrūsh
māte	pět' alş	silk' y	tın
mēan' ěst	pīle	skirts	tóngue
mónth	pönd	slīce	töss
mōon	pûrred	smōoth	tös' sěş
mū' şic	push	sōl' dier <sup>(jēr)</sup>	vīne
nā' tūre	röl' lick ینگ	spär' rōw	voīce
naugh' tỹ	sāfe	spēak	wāist
nēar' ěst	şalt	spēd	wan' dēred
nēat	sāved	spoil	wēath' ər
nēs' tle	shād' ōw	spūn	while
nět	shâre	stěps	wom' an
nīm' ble	shēep	straw' bër rīeş	wōod' en
nō' ble	shěp' hěrd	sūn' nỹ	wōol
nōon	shěp' hěrd ěss	sūp' pěr	yärn

Ā' prīl	Eng' līsh <sup>(īng)</sup>	Īt' a lỹ	Mär' gōt
Brīt' ta nỹ	Frēnch	Jān' ū ā rỹ	Mär' jō rīe
Ĕd' gār	Gēr' man	Jēanne	Nōr' man dỹ
Ĕl' ăa nōre			







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